

My Bowl! My Bowl!
(A Dog's Extremely Important Ode)

LOOK at that bowl! That magnificent THING-A-DING!
That glorious, round, floor-hugging, shimmery RING!
It sits there so still, yet it CALLS out my name—
“Come play the SLURPITY-SIP LICKITY-LAP game!”

When my tongue turns to carpet and FLIPPITY-FLOPS to one side,
And my mouth feels MUSTY-DUSTY as trails that I've tried—
There it waits. Unblinking. So shiny. So brave.
The RESCUER of dogs and the DROOLY-DRIPS we save!

I prance! I skedaddle! I ZOOMIE-ZOOM-ZOOM
And arrive at that bowl with a slide and a BOOM!
SLURPITY-SPLASHITY! GLOPITY-GLORE!
Some water goes in me, some goes on the floor.

And then—oh the DRAMA! The SHOCK! The SURPRISE!
A second bowl's coming before my two eyes!
The food bowl approaches! I smell KIBBITY-BIBBITY-BILL!
I freeze. I lock in. THIS IS NOT A DRILL!

CRUNCHITY-MUNICHITY, CHOMPITY-CHOW!
I eat like I haven't eaten EVER until NOW!
Do I chew? Do I savor? Do I take my sweet time?
NO THANK YOU, GOOD SIR, I INHALE, IT'S MINE!

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Kibble goes flying! A piece hits my face!

I'll look for it later—Right now I'm in a RACE.

SNORT! GOBBLE! HOVER! ATTACKITY-DO!

I swallow so fast even I'm shocked how fast I do!

Is it chicken? Is it beef? Is it "flavor unknown"?

If it's *in* my bowl, then it's sweet as a BONE!

I spin. I recheck. I inspect with my nose.

Perhaps the bowl HID a few nibbles it still owes.

I LICKITY-LAPITY Left! Right! And Around!

Could a miracle crumb be on the ground?

And when nothing is left—Not a speck! Not a smear!

I look at the bowl like: "I KNOW MORE IS HERE."

So then you, Dear Bowl, for the slop and the spill,

For the mess on the floor and my tummy you fill,

You're not just a bowl—You're a LEGEND! A STAR!

A round little hero! We know who we are!

So hurry, dear human, don't make me growl,

I need more food and water inside my jowl!

Just one question—I'll ask it politely, okay?

Is it DINNER TIME NOW? Soon?... I'm STARVING today!